

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

Ly bliftring fore the visitating Sunne,
And were good Kings, when living.

Thes. It is true, and I will give you comfort,
To give your dead Lords graves:
The which to doe, must make some worke with *Creon*;

1. *Qu.* And that worke presents it selfe to'th doing:
Now twill take forme, the heates are gone to morrow,
Then, booteles toyle must recompence it selfe,
With it's owne sweat; Now he's secure,
Not dreames, we stand before your puissance
Wrinching our holy begging in our eyes
To make petition cleere.

2. *Qu.* Now you may take him,
Drunke with his victory.

3. *Qu.* And his Army full
Of Bread, and sloth.

Thes. *Artesius* that best knowest
How to draw out fit to this enterprife,
The primst for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a businesse, forth and levy
Our worthiest Instruments, whilst we despatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deede
Of Fate in wedlocke.

1. *Qu.* Dowagers, take hands
Let us be Widdowes to our woes, delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.

All. Farewell.

2. *Qu.* We come unseasonably: But when could greese
Cull forth as unpanged judgement can, fit'time
For best solicitation.

Thes. Why good Ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater then any was; it more imports me
Then all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

1. *Qu.* The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected, when her Armes
Able to locke *Love* from a Synod, shall

By

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By warranting Moone-light corset thee, oh when
Her twynning Cherries shall their sweetnes fall
Vpon thy tastefull lips, what wilt thou thinke
Of rotten Kings or blubberd Queenes, what care
For what thou feelst not? what thou feelst being able
To make *Mars* spurne his Drom. O if thou couch
But one night with her, every howre in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more, then what
That Banket bids thee too.

Hip. Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a Suitour; yet I thinke
Did I not by th' abstayning of my joy
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
That craves a present medicine, I should plucke
All Ladies scandall on me. Therefore Sir
As I shall here make tryall of my prayres,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for ay their vigour dombe,
Prorogue this busines, we are going about, and hang
Your Shield afore your Heart, about that necke
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To doe these poore Queenes service.

All Queens. Oh helpe now
Our Cause cries for your knee.

Emil. If you grant not
My Sister her petition in that force,
With that Celerity, and nature which
Shee makes it in: from henceforth ile not dare
To aske you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a Husband.

Thes. Pray stand up.
I am entreating of my selfe to doe
That which you k neele to have me; *Pyritious*
Leade on the Bride; get you and pray the Gods
For successe, and returne, omit not any thing
In the pretended Celebration: Queenes

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